

Clock Without Hands

Nanci Griffith

I am a clock without hands
I'm walking through the midnights
Counting all the moments
Of the loves I've left behind
Crying on the shoulders of the days
I've not forgotten now

I am frozen in time
Like the battles of the soldiers
Left displaced of time
Where their tears still fall
Loves that wreck out on the track
Far beyond my looking back to recall
I'm just a clock upon the shelf
Without hands to give the time of day
For love at all

I am a clock without hands
No one understands this
That when the autumn comes
I see no reason for a fall
Spring can fail to move me
With its tulips and its clover
Now the time for love is over
I am a clock without hands
I'm just tickin' and that's all

I recall a time
When love still had the power
To reach inside this clock
Where my hands held a dream
The innocence of passion
And the words of Saint Teresa chiming in
And I recall the faith
Of the love of my life
And the losing of my hands
Which he took with him when he died
I'm crying on the shoulders of his love
That I'm remembering now
It's been ages since this heart has ticked a beat of love
So I've forgotten how